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## WHAT GIRLS CAN DO.

HERE is a very useful book 'for mothers and daughters,' by Phillis Browne, entitled, *What Girls can Do* (London: Cassells). It deals with a question of great importance in the social and domestic economy of the middle classes of this country. The children of the working classes are much better provided for as regards occupation, than the children of those classes immediately above them. The former have all the range of domestic service open to them, in which they have the opportunity of earning a sufficient and comfortable livelihood in a respectable and womanly way. They have also equally honourable means of providing for themselves in those great departments of art and manufacture which admit of the employment of large numbers of women and girls for the performance of work that requires skill and dexterity of hand, without involving any very severe physical exertion—at least not such a degree of exertion as is beyond a girl's or woman's strength. But for those families whose position in society makes it necessary that their daughters should receive a higher kind of education, but who yet cannot fairly afford to allow them to spend the years that may elapse between school and marriage, in idleness, or in a condition that is un lucrative, many serious difficulties arise as to how their daughters may be employed in a manner consistent with the position which their parents or guardians may wish them to occupy in society, and with the expensive education which they have struggled to give them. The facts, also, that marriage is not a condition of life which can be confidently or immediately anticipated for the whole of those daughters, and that it may be necessary that some of them should be able to maintain themselves throughout the greater part of their lives chiefly by their own exertions, render the consideration of 'What girls can do' a very important and anxious one in many a family.

Then, again, there is still another class to whom this problem is a difficult one, and that is those who

occupy the higher stratum of the middle classes. 'No one,' says the author, 'who has gone through the world with eyes open, can have failed to see that a great many girls lead idle and useless lives, and that a great many mothers permit them to do so. I believe, however, that nobody is more painfully conscious of this condition of things than the girls and the mothers themselves, and that they would be very glad to listen to any one who would point out to them a way of escape from the misery of it, provided only that the "way" indicated was possible and within their reach. The problem of to-day with both mothers and daughters is not "Shall I work?" but "What can I do?" It is with the desire of helping them in this difficulty that I have written this little book. I have endeavoured to show both mothers and daughters some of the directions in which girls who do not need to work for a livelihood may do good service for others, and engage in pleasurable work on their own account. I have tried also to give a few hints to those who wish to work for a living.'

The object which our author has thus placed before herself has been, we think, accomplished by her with no small success; and it is impossible that any daughter or mother can read the book without obtaining therefrom many wise and practical suggestions, and much good advice. She divides her book into three sections: (1) Work for Duty; (2) Work for Pleasure; and (3) Work for Necessity. In the first section are included household work, laundry-work, cookery, dress-making and millinery, governess-work, nursing, &c., also various kinds of charitable work. In the second section—'Work for Pleasure'—the book treats of painting on china and in water-colours, reading, gardening, floral decorations, work for bazaars, &c. And in the third section—'Work for Necessity'—are embraced the subjects of working at home, teaching, literary and artistic work for publishers, clerks, lady-doctors, paid nurses, and the like. It is only in our power to give the merest outline of what is here set down under a few of those headings, and we shall leave the author as far as possible to speak for herself.

On the subject of how many girls pass the time after leaving school for home-life, she has some sensible and needful remarks. 'The day,' she says, 'that a girl leaves school—"finishes her education," as it is called—is one of the greatest importance to her. It is the dividing-line between two periods: the one in which she has been guided by others, and the one in which she is to a great extent to be a guide to herself. Her character for life will be largely determined by the course she pursues during the next few years. Many hundreds of girls at the present time are being ruined simply for the want of something to do. This is by no means entirely their own fault. They have not been put to anything by their friends, and they have not sufficient energy and determination to make a beginning for themselves, and so their lives are wasted. They work hard enough when they are at school; but when they leave it, they have no particular object in life. They dawdle through the mornings, dress themselves up and go out in the afternoons, and either visit or go to some place of amusement in the evenings, and so get through the months and years. Of course their characters suffer. They grow selfish, and small, and narrow-minded. They delight in gossip, care for nothing but show and admiration, and look upon marriage as the crowning object of life. Sensible people of both sexes despise them, good people mourn over them. They are said to do nothing, but really they do incalculable harm. They degrade the name of woman, which ought to be a refining and elevating influence, and make it a by-word and a scorn.' Earnest work for others acts on the character like a talisman. 'It has power to convert the thoughtless, foolish trifler into the earnest, reliable woman. When once a girl comes to feel that others are dependent upon her for happiness or comfort, that she is doing good work no one else can do so well, she begins instantly to respect herself, and to act as if she did. The powers grow with the use of them, her nature expands, that which is small and frivolous becomes uninteresting to her, while that which is useful and real takes its right place.'

The author hopes no one will turn away from the book because at the very beginning she encourages 'Household Work.' To her it seems natural and right that a girl should understand and engage practically in work connected with making home bright, cheerful, and well-ordered, and she regards it as a sad sign when a girl considers such work as beneath her notice. After advising as to habits of orderliness and neatness in dress, and the necessity of being able to do good useful needlework, she proceeds to speak more particularly of household work. She complains that many think this kind of work quite out of the question for girls whose parents can afford to keep servants. 'I wish,' she says, 'girls could be got to discard this notion. Half the domestic difficulties of the present day would disappear if mistresses were conversant with the details of

household work. Theoretical knowledge is seldom of much real use. Practical knowledge is never gained so easily or so thoroughly as in youth. If mothers would allow their daughters to do a portion of housework regularly, they would be much more likely to manage their own houses well, if ever they should have them, than they would if they had to begin straight away without any previous experience.' One reason why she would recommend domestic work for girls (and in domestic work she includes home dressmaking and millinery, as well as household work) is, that the actual doing of work of this kind 'is more likely than anything else I know to give practical common-sense to a girl. It makes her able to use her own hands and her own wits, and gives her an idea of the thousand-and-one details connected with a woman's work that can never be learned except from experience. The advantage to the girl herself will be incalculable.'

At the same time, while the author is most desirous to put domestic work in its rightful place, she should be sorry to see a girl's attention devoted exclusively to the family circle. We all belong to the great human family, and we owe a duty to the brothers and sisters outside our home as well as to those within it. 'In every age, the best women have been quick to feel for others, and earnest in helping the suffering and needy. These women have done a glorious work. It would be impossible to over-estimate the good they have effected, or to give a definite account of the work they have been doing and are doing at the present time in England.' She is also careful to guard those who are benevolently inclined, against indiscriminate charity, which has done much evil, by encouraging the improvident and vicious. It is better that girls who wish to engage in works of charity should ally themselves with others of experience, and work systematically on a tried and regulated plan, and above all connect themselves with a Charity Organisation Society. Such societies are not free from objectionable features; but on the other hand they are a means of preventing imposture, and that unguarded squandering of money upon persons whose characters or habits a private individual might not have the means of ascertaining.

Under 'Work for Pleasure,' the author speaks of the 'between-times,' when serious work does not call for attention, or when it may have become wearisome, and when some light employment or recreation may be necessary, not only for the sake of health but of happiness. 'There are a thousand-and-one ways in which a girl may employ the leisure moments of life. Taken separately, none of these occupations amounts to very much; altogether, the results make a wonderful difference in the look and comfort of a house. Skilled fingers constantly busy, will produce at a very small expense a quantity of bright, pretty ornaments, which will give a "home"-like elegance to a room, and proclaim at once in most pleasing language that girls have been at work. One can tell, five

minutes after entering a house, whether the upholsterer has been left to furnish by himself, or whether his work has been completed and beautified by the tasteful industry of the occupants. I always think it is a very bad sign when girls living at home do not "imprint their mark" in refinement on their surroundings.

In her notice of the different characters and tendencies of the class of girls to whom she refers in this connection, the author does not forget the 'girl of the period,' nor does she spare her. 'This young lady,' she says, 'is supposed by a great many people to be a type of the average girl of to-day. The characteristics are, that she cares nothing at all for any one but herself; has no idea of the value of time, but spends her days in studying the fashions and adorning her person, her desire being to make the opposite sex admire her, and her own friends envious of her. She possesses none of the qualities that for long years have been supposed to distinguish good women—namely, purity, tenderness, helpfulness, and sweet charity; but is idle, vain, selfish, and silly, finds her pleasure in tittle-tattle and gossip, and expends the energy that is not devoted to dress in useless fancy-work. The picture is repulsive enough. If there are such girls, I should think we scarcely could scorn them, we should be so lost in sorrow for them. For my own part, however, I feel inclined to question their existence altogether. If there are girls of the kind amongst us, I must have been particularly fortunate in my experience, for I never made the personal acquaintance of one of them, and I never knew any one who did. I know many a girl who is a joy to her father, and a help and comfort to her mother, a friend to her brothers and sisters; who makes home bright and friends happy; who when called upon to do any special work, is ready, willing, and eager to do what she can; who is modest, refined, and sensible; but the typical "girl of the period" I never saw.' Our authoress does not deny that there are girls who are no particular joy to any one; who think more than they should of dress and appearance, fritter away their time over trifles, and go to an extreme in following the fashions. But it would be unjust to set these down among the above objectionable class. They are simply asleep and dreaming; in a little while something or other will waken them. 'Some unusual experience comes—a joy, or a trouble, or a bright example, or a warning which shows us where we are. And when the time comes, the girls we speak of will shake themselves from the fetters that bind them down, and prove themselves good, true women.'

In the portion of her work that has to do with 'Work for Necessity,' there are many useful counsels given. She acknowledges that it is hard work for a girl to make her own living; but not hard to make a little pocket-money, for that is a very different thing. There are many more openings now than formerly for female employment, but there are more than enough of candidates for all vacant situations; hence the difficulty educated girls have in finding something profitable to do. She is also afraid that the power of determined persevering work is not common among girls; that they are too much disposed to work by fits and starts. 'The girl who wishes to excel, and to be able to do work that shall be valued, must acquire the power of keeping on, whether she is in the

humour or not. She must patiently practise detail until she is quite familiar with it, and it is easy to her; practise not only on the days when she feels bright and energetic, but on the days when she is dull and low-spirited.' She rightly thinks it would be a good thing if it were more usual than it is for girls to be brought up to think that they must work and make their own way; they would be both better and happier for it. 'I am glad to know,' she says, 'that opinion is broadening on this point, and that workers are looked upon with more respect than they used to be. A few years ago, a girl who worked for money was regarded with a certain scorn by the majority of people, and spoken of as a "young person;" while the girl who remained at home doing nothing particular, but waiting for some young man to be kind enough to come and marry her, was regarded as a "young lady." Things are not so bad as that now. Girls themselves look, I am sure, with respect and even with envy upon those of their companions who are busy, independent, and self-supporting. And they have cause to do so. Next to the pleasure of working to help others, comes the satisfaction of feeling that we work that we may not be a burden to others.'

For the details of the work that may be thus resorted to, we must refer the reader to the book itself. The author is careful to warn the young and inexperienced against thinking that anything of this kind can be acquired without trouble or self-culture, and this especially in the department of doing literary or artistic work for publishers. The fact that many women are successful, if not all distinguished, as writers or artists, is no reason for running away with the notion that any one can be so. 'Unfortunately, when a girl can do nothing else, she thinks she can write a book or a magazine article; and why should she not, seeing that in her opinion and that of her friends, there is nothing so easy as to write a thrilling story, or a short graphic paper full of wit, and knowledge of life and character. The consequence is, that unfortunate editors are deluged with manuscripts which they cannot use, containing papers which no one would read if they were printed. And the senders of these manuscripts wait day after day, hoping and fearing, and hoping again, that the editor will be kind and read their story, and be appreciative and jubilant concerning it, and will hasten to offer unheard-of wealth to the writer of such profound remarks and eloquently turned sentences; while all the time the manuscript in question is destined to form one of a huge heap of rolls, all of which are to be "declined with thanks." It is quite necessary that some one should say a word of the kind, because such numbers of girls are trying for what they never will obtain—literary work.'

This caution, which is very similar to that which we ourselves recently indicated in our article on Literary Beginners, is well-timed. There are many other departments of human skill and labour in which girls might engage with more hope of success, such as teaching, nursing, clerkships, &c.; though these may be at first sight more prosaic employments. In any case, the girl who is anxious and willing, and who is not averse to doing the work which she is most capable of doing well, need not despair of a fair ranking in the candi-

dature for office. Earnestness and efficiency must go hand in hand; the first is at the call of every one, the second within the reach of almost all who apply themselves with diligence and determination.

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XIV.—IN THE SANCTUARY.

It behoved Bertram now to look for lodgings. His term of occupation at Cambridge Chambers was not yet finished, and his rent—thanks to his dead benefactor's thoughtful prudence—had been paid in advance. But to live on in such a place as Cambridge Chambers, relatively expensive, would never do. Bertram felt that he must set his face resolutely towards more meagre and poorer surroundings, and address himself resolutely to the task of driving back the gaunt wolf from the ill-guarded door. He owed nothing, not a sixpence. There was some comfort in that. He had paid his way, punctually and thriftily, from the first day when prosperity had seemed to dawn upon him. Now, he was poor again; but there was no millstone of debt to hang round his neck and warp or clog his conscience. He could leave Cambridge Chambers and its vicinity with the respect and the good word of the few to whom his name was known.

But whither was the youth to betake him now? He had very little money left. Some sovereigns, Dr Denham's gift, had been eked out to the last; but even then the purchase of the mourning garb that he wore had necessitated an inroad on the five-pound note which his Blackston employer, Mr Burbridge, had bestowed on him at parting. He counted his scanty store of coin. Three golden sovereigns were left. So were sixteen silver shillings and some halfpence. It was a small capital wherewith to face the world, in that England which expects every man to do his duty as a solvent member of the commonweal; but then to be sure there was the stipend, small but certain, to be earned by working for Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge. Tossing restlessly on his pillow by night, or in sober daylight with paper and pencil at hand, Bertram made many of those dreary calculations the root of which always is—'What can I give up? With how little can I do? Is it in sheer necessities, or in the conventionalities of life, that I can best effect a saving? For a saving, somehow, there must be.'

Naturally, the first idea of a healthy, honest-hearted young man, such as Bertram was, when thrown on his own resources and pressed for means, all ideas of amusement or luxury having been pruned away at the first, is to economise on the rent of his lodgings. 'I am young and strong, and care not for show'—his instinct seems to prompt the words that spring so readily to his lips—'and I can scramble on anywhere.' Unfortunately, Bertram, in feeling thus, found with disappointment that he had reckoned without his host. He had been unaware of the exceeding squalor of the very cheap London lodgings, and ignorant of the fact that, in overcrowded rookeries such as those which he now visited, honest poverty is compelled to rub shoulders with drunkenness and vice, from absolute lack of elbow-room to keep the goats apart from the sheep. The lad's very soul

sickened as he dived into court after court, each so like the other in its foul air, and neglected children and slatternly women, and men sodden with drink at one time, brawling at another, the ceaseless noise, disorder, and coarse curiosity. The neat, tidy, little back-streets of decorous if unfashionable quarters, were all too dear. It seemed as though the superior workmen, the married clerks, and all who cared for comfort yet were sparingly provided with money, must dwell in outlying suburbs and journey to and from their work, and as if decent accommodation were of all commodities the hardest for a needy London resident to compass. But it would never do for Bertram to live far away from the scene of his work, or, more correctly, from the palatial business premises of his imperious employers, Groby, Sleather, and Studge. His well-wishers, Davis and Brooks, the articulated pupils, had cautioned him as to this; and Mr Tomkins, principal clerk in Room E, had warned him not to keep that impersonal entity, 'the firm,' waiting, in case he should be called upon at a moment's notice for some sudden and severe exertion.

At last, in a quaint dingy part of Westminster, Bertram found a garret that he thought would suit him tolerably well. It was in a queer three-cornered nook, which tradition averred to have been once a portion of the old Sanctuary, where thief and coiner, and outlaw and rebel, once got a little breathing-time from scourge, pillory, and gibbet. But there were no thieves there now—so Bertram's landlord, a cobbler by trade, but by predilection a bird-fancier, cheerfully, and perhaps boastfully, assured him.

'No, no; thank ye, says I,' such were the landlord's words, when he found that Bertram and he were likely to come to terms, and that the former was able to supply that cynosure of the suspicious householder, a 'respectable reference.' 'No, no; thank ye, when customers of that sort comes my way, saying: "Mr Browse, haven't you a room to suit me at present?" Not at no price, is in my thoughts; but of course I have to put 'em off with civil words than that, 'cause it don't do to get quarrelling—too many cross coves about for that. But all my lodgers get a living, honest, sure as my name is Ephraim Browse.'

And indeed, so it seemed, since two printers, a mother and daughter who lived by clear-starching, and a maker of picture-frames, with his careworn wife and numerous small family, were all the occupants of the gaunt, narrow tenement, until the vacant attic was assigned to Bertram.

'One thing we've got,' said the proprietor of the mansion, after the bargain had been struck, and with an ineffable chuckle of satisfaction—'facing due south as we do, we've got the sun.' And as he spoke, he pointed with the lapstone he carried towards a ruddy ball of lurid light struggling with mist and cloud overhead. 'To-day,' he added apologetically, 'he's not much to boast of; but in fine weather he does brighten up the old place wonderful. My birds know the difference as well as Christians could, for they sing here, to do your heart good, while others moan.'

Mr Browse, who was a gruff old bachelor, who wore, summer and winter, a fur-cap and a shirt of brick-red flannel, and whose short black pipe, like the sacred fires of the Persians, seemed to be



eternally alight, had a soft spot in his heart. He was tender towards his birds. With the unfeathered lodgers under his grimy and crazy roof, he was peremptory enough, exacting as a rule weekly payment. One week's credit for a tenant of some standing, the sturdy cobbler was willing to make, as a concession to the fallibility of poor imperfect human nature. After that, 'Out you go!' was Mr Browse's summary sentence. The oldest denizens of the place, the clear-starchers, would not have got a fortnight's grace, had their exchequer suddenly run dry. But Mr Browse was indulgent with his birds. They knew him, and chirped to him quite confidentially, and sometimes tried to rub their little yellow or brownish heads against his gritty thumb, when he came to refill their seed-boxes and replenish the tiny glass cisterns wherein their water was kept. He was the kindest of jailers, nurse rather than jailer, where winged creatures, born in captivity, and who never knew that a cage meant a prison, yet had vague longings for the infinite, were concerned. He was not a bad man, Mr Browse.

It was a queer place into which Bertram, having agreed to terms, and paid, according to Sanctuary canons of morality with respect to an incoming tenant, his week's rent in advance, presently transferred his clothes, his books, and mathematical instruments.

'Lots of light here,' was his landlord's laudatory remark, as he flourished his awl and pointed out the merits of the apartment; 'saves candles.'

And for a poor student, a liberal allowance of Sol's radiance, of which the starveling Neapolitan gets so much, and we Northerners so little, is no despicable advantage. Bertram, when he was left to the enjoyment of his hired room, leaned meditatively out of the rickety casement, and took stock, so to speak, of the situation. It was a court, or at least what was called a court, in which the Post-office Directory chronicled as a householder the uncompromising name of Ephraim Browse. But it was not one of those darkling dens of which London contains too many. It was three-cornered, as has been said, and let in the sun, and some allowance of such fresh air as the rising tide brought with it up the swelling Thames. Perhaps some great building, a barn, a prison, a laundry, of the monks who once were lords of all thereabouts, had formerly filled up the vacant side of the irregular square, and had fallen down, or been demolished.

Yes, it was a queer place. Beneath the window from which Bertram looked down, a great old vine—it was but a gnarled stump now—had struck its mighty roots into the London soil, and there it stood defiant, though lopped, truncated, mutilated. Once, perhaps, when beauty of foliage and tendrils was in more request, the twining limbs and green leaves of the vine had clung caressingly to the whole frontage. Even now, late in the spring-tide, the maimed thing, tenacious of life, put forth a timid leaflet or so from dwarfish shoots and suckers, soon to be plucked by children's fingers, and there was an end for that year of the vine's feeble protest of a latent vitality. All over the house, in dry weather, hung bird-cages of different shapes, from the wicker abode of the thrush and blackbird—the mavis and merle of old ballads—to the wirework dwelling of the canary and piping bullfinch, and the wired box wherein a lark trod

his prison floor of green turf. By the aid of a ladder, Mr Browse provided for the comfort of his feathered pensioners. He had pet names for them, whistled airs, very indifferently well, for the education of such birds as were of musical attainments, and sold even a redpole or a linnet with regret, inasmuch that he was reported to make money by his leather, but to lose by his living wares. There were pigeons too, whose soft liquid notes—that *roucoulement* for which we have no English word—and the sound of whose fluttering wings, reached Bertram through the roof that was so near to his cramped quarters, and above which, in a quaint contrivance like an exaggerated meat-safe, dwelt tumbler and pouter and carrier, fantail and horse-man.

But Bertram had other occupations to fill up his time than the purely meditative one of gazing from his high window over a wilderness of chimney-stacks and gables, or of speculating as to the probable aspect of the place when dress was more picturesque, and contrasts more vivid than at present, and when gay hoods and plumed caps and jingling spurs, bright colours and flashing laces of gold and silver, alternated with such rags and barbaric squalor as we now never see; and society seemed at once much finer and much nastier than it does in our time. Oddly enough, the cobbler-landlord had picked up some scraps of antiquarian lore, more or less accurate, and was boastfully talkative as to the time when 'My lord, the old Abbot' bore sway over the little flock of black-sheep that had crowded into the privileged spot within reach of his gilded crook ecclesiastical, and 'the king himself durs'n't, not he, touch e'er a one of 'em, for fear of the old monks.' Perhaps Mr Browse did not often get the opportunity of descending on his favourite archaeological topic to so intelligent a listener as Bertram Oakley, for the poor, as a rule, are too busied with the present and anxious for the future to care much about the past. But, as has been mentioned, Bertram's leisure was not extensive, since he found that, labour as he might, it was impossible for him to earn a maintenance without drawing, slowly but surely, on his scanty hoard of coin to eke out the deficiency.

Groby, Slenether, and Studge were hard task-masters and not very liberal paymasters, at least to the ill-starred class of 'extras' to which Bertram now belonged. To procure the maximum of work for the minimum of wage is, of course, in strict accordance with the severest ethics of politico-social economy; but then there is generally an under-current of demand as well as of supply which, roughly speaking, make up the factors of the market price. But, save for specialists, there is no market price. The bricklayer, the cabinet-maker, the smith, know to a nicety how many weekly shillings and pence represent the value of their toil. But then, they are trained mechanics, drilled soldiers of the great army of Industry. Unbred to a trade, it goes hard with the clever handy lad, or with the clever handy man, in the complex system of an old country like our own.

Bertram had thrown himself, from the first, heart and soul into his work. It was his nature to be zealous; and he was careful, patient, untiring in the performance of the task allotted to him. Never before, since the civil-engineers opened

their sumptuous premises, had work so delicately exact been done so promptly and unflinching for such poor pay. The drawings were faultless. The manuscript was a model of legible precision. Mr Tomkins, the bustling head-clerk of Room E, who had many cares and a short temper, took in Bertram's contribution to the great hive with a grunt of satisfaction; but no praise and no promotion fell to Bertram's lot, as week after week went by, nothing but the bare pay-ticket to be given in at the cashier's office on Saturday night. And then, again according to the severest creed of politico-social economy, he and Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge were quits. He got from the mighty firm for whom he toiled no smile of approbation, no kind word, not one of those tokens of human sympathy that, to the poor and young, are more valuable than gold itself, as cheering them along the rugged roads that bruise the feet which tread them.

What was worst of all was that there was no relying on the presence of the Saturday pay-ticket or on its amount. There was no certainty of work. The work arrived when it suited the great firm, and was arranged with no more consideration for those who did it than if they had been so many machines, standing unemployed indeed, but exempt from the pangs of hunger, as steel and brass and iron are. There were long intervals of unwelcome idleness, and then a messenger would come panting and stumbling up the steep staircase of Mr Browne's house; and in hot haste, Bertram would begin his new job, never sparing himself, faithful, eager, hurrying slowly, as the Latin proverb bids us do, denying himself rest and sleep and air until he had done all he could for his employers. But he grew very weary sometimes, and the colour rose to his cheek more rarely, as he ground on in the back-breaking and heart-breaking mill of Groby, Sleather, and Studge.

#### THOMAS TOD STODDART,

##### THE SCOTTISH ANGLER.

To produce a first-rate book on the art and practice of angling, the writer must of necessity be himself a good angler. He must know from experience the best lures for the different months of the angling season—whether those be artificial flies, or the natural stonefly, creeper, caddis-worm, minnow, parr-tail, or other baits. He must also know from experience which rivers are most suitable for each or all of those lures, and when each river is, as to size and colour, most conditionable. Salmon and trout move from place to place as the rivers rise or fall; and as trout especially shift from pool to stream as the seasons change, the observant angler knows pretty nearly the places or spots in the rivers where they are to be found at the different seasons. In the summer months, when rivers are low and clear, he can pick out to a nicety the very spot where a trout is likely to lie on the outlook for food—a knowledge gained only by long and observant experience.

The subject of this notice, the late Thomas Tod Stoddart of Kelso, whose works on Angling have given pleasure and instruction to many a votary of the gentle art, was one whose experience taught him what he in turn taught so pleasantly to others. This veteran angler and author was one

of the few writers on angling who have devoted the best part of a lifetime to that pleasant pastime. Shortly after he left college and was called to the Scotch Bar as an advocate in 1833, he gave up his profession, and took, heart and hand, to rod and reel for the rest of his long life—passing most of his non-angling time in the pleasant fields of literature. The excellence of his prose and, to a certain degree, his verse in connection with angling, and the accuracy of his observations on natural history—for he was a close and shrewd observer—have been long patent to a wide circle of readers on both sides of Tweed.

Mr Stoddart was born in Edinburgh in February 1810, and shortly after his marriage, which took place in 1836, he took up his residence in the pretty Border town of Kelso, which was his home for the remainder of his life. Living there, he was within easy access of many excellent trout-streams—the Kale, the Bowmont, the Glen, and the Eden; as also of the salmon and trout streams of the Tweed and Teviot, which were almost at his door. But though his home was in Kelso, he almost every summer during many years of his life paid visits elsewhere in Scotland, where he met many genial angling and literary friends, and also found suitably quiet and unquiet waters into which to cast his deadly fly or minnow. By movements of this nature he, after a course of years, could register the fishable qualities of almost every lake and stream in Scotland; and no other writer has produced so much thoroughly reliable information on its streams and lochs for the use of the angler. Of the Tweed, nearly one hundred miles in length, and its many tributaries he knew every stream and bend; and as every good piscator will readily believe, of the rivers in which he angled most he knew every shelving bank or stone, the haunt of salmon or trout. His soul was in his work; and he therefore, almost by intuition, readily learned much that ordinary observers would have overlooked or neglected. To see him run a salmon was a treat to remember; and he only expresses his own experience when he writes:

Hark to the music of the reel!

We listen with devotion;

There's something in that circling wheel

That wakes the heart's emotion!

He was possessed of excellent conversational powers, which he, however, used with modesty, unless, perhaps, when among some old and valued angling or literary friends, on which occasions he would keep them in roars of laughter by lively sallies and spurts of peculiar and original humour. Thus, his kindness of disposition made his company a pleasure to a wide circle of friends. In matters of controversy connected with natural history, he was a bold speaker and writer; and as he was a close observer, he was generally correct in his arguments and deductions.

At the social board he was delightful, and could, moreover, do some things by way of giving amusement which were quite unique. Some old friends when they read these lines will recall with pleasure his mode of preaching a Gaelic sermon, a sermon with scarce a Gaelic word or a word of any known language in it! Living so much in the Highlands, when angling there, he had so fairly caught the intonations of their language, that ignorant Highlanders in the north imagined that

he preached in south-west Gaelic, and *vice versa* ! He could also electrify his friends by his imitation of the performance of an opera. Many years ago, when he was at college, the name of Abercrombie became for a short time familiar as a household word in Edinburgh. Mr Stoddart took that name therefore as the sole 'libretto' of his burlesque performance ; and with no instrument but his voice, which rung all imaginable changes on the word, he so humorously and ludicrously performed the operatic music as to elicit the heartiest laughter.

But it was as an angler and writer on angling subjects that his name was generally known. Having early devoted himself to the study of the gentle art, he for a long course of years—indeed almost to the very close of his life—was in the habit of contributing copiously to periodicals and magazines on subjects of angling and natural history. His first effort in literature—a poem published in 1831—cannot be said to have been successful, and is now practically forgotten. The first production of his pen which brought him into notice was his work entitled *The Art of Angling*, published in 1835, and which he had originally contributed to the pages of *Chambers's Journal* in a series of articles. Since then, many other works in prose and verse came from his pen ; but of all these, that known as *The Angler's Companion* takes decidedly the highest place. It has for many years been a standard work. The inexperienced angler finds in it a faithful guide and friend, and lovers of river-side scenery read it with pleasure. It is even relished by practical anglers who themselves know the many artful and delicate ways of bringing salmon and trout to the creel.

The early spring is the time when the genuine angler feels the first fond impulses of the heart. It is then he begins to pant after the water-brooks, and to long for the sight of a leaping trout. In the winter months he sorts his tackle, secures a supply of the new season's gut, assort his newly made flies, and has some of them tied into 'casts ;' so that whenever trout begin in spring to rise to the natural fly, he seizes his rod, shoulders his basket, and in ecstasy of spirit repairs to some favourite stream, beside whose banks a thrill of indefinable joy runs through his veins as the first trout of the season seizes his fly. It was quite exhilarating to hear Mr Stoddart in the winter months talking with enthusiasm of the coming joys of spring. On fresh days in February, or in early March, before his trout-rod was stretched for the season, he would wander by the sweetly secluded and sheltered waters of the Teviot near the ruins of Roxburgh Castle ; and there his heart would be cheered by the appearance of the coming spring flowers, the early celandine, the primrose and eye-bright. A sight of the colts-foot pushing its bloomy head up through the river-side shingle, and bearing on it perhaps a small cluster of newly awakened humble-bees, never failed to stir his pulses. He knew that fuller beauties and the enjoyment of his beloved pastime were at hand, and he rejoiced in heart. His own elegiac lines on an angler may well be applied to himself :

There he sleeps, whose heart was twined  
With the wild stream and wandering burn :  
Woeful of the western wind !  
Watcher of the April morn !

Some clever books on trout-angling have been published which point out no river-side beauty, and ignore all sentiment in connection with the gentle art. The instructions laid down simply culminate in letting the reader know the surest and speediest modes of capturing fish. But Mr Stoddart wrote in a different strain. Along with clear and concise instructions on all matters pertaining to salmon and trout angling, he yet discourses here and there delightfully on the beauty and spirit of river scenery ; and draws attention to many interesting matters connected with wood and field, with bird and insect life. However busy with his rod, his eyes were always open to the beautiful ; and after a tough run with either salmon or trout, the minute or two of rest which followed, very frequently called up some good wholesome sentiment. After one of his lively accounts of the capture of a trout, he thus finishes the chapter : 'And now, in their turn, content and thankfulness reign in the heart, and develop themselves on the countenance of the angler ; now happily he is impressed with feelings of adoring solemnity, stirred up by some scene of unlooked-for grandeur, or the transit of some sublime phenomenon. Hence it is from the very variety of emotions which successfully occupy the mind, from their blendings and transitions, that angling derives its pleasures ; hence it holds precedence as a sport with men of thoughtful and ideal temperament ; hence, poets, sculptors and philosophers—the sons of genius—have entered heart and hand into its pursuit. Therefore it was that Thomson, Burns, Scott and Hogg, and in a later day, Wilson and Wordsworth, exchanged eagerly the gray-goose quill and the companionship of books for the taper wand and the discourse, older than Homer's measures, of streams and cataracts.'

The records which he gives here and there in his works of his angling exploits in the Teviot, are always racy, and exuberant with poetic and appropriate sentiment, so that the reader feels he is in the hands of a poet as well as of an expert angler. He also delighted to fish such waters as the Kale and the Bowmont. The pastoral aspect of the latter stream a few miles above the picturesque gipsy village of Yetholm, with the smooth greenness of the Cheviots, possessed a strong charm for him. Peace too, or rather 'pastoral melancholy,' pervades all that part of the glen ; and these combined with the loveliness of the clear dancing stream, shaded by an occasional overhanging silver birch or moss-grizzled alder, and the green hills dotted with snowy sheep, so delighted him, that he used to declare the scene to be 'simply Paradise regained.' But the shepherd's goodwife at Mowhaugh checked him one day by saying : 'Deed sir, I dinna think trouts or burns were ever thought o' in Paradise.'

On Tweed about Kelso, his form was nearly as familiar to the public as the river itself. It was the river of rivers to him. Indeed, it may be said that he literally spent some years of his life in it. He has repeatedly apostrophised it both in prose and verse, for his 'heart was twined' with it. Justly held in respect by the proprietors of the salmon-fishings in the neighbourhood, he was periodically invited by many of them to fish for salmon in their respective waters. Then, again, his wandering propensities would lure him away to the higher reaches of the Tweed, or to

St Mary's Loch, with Ettrick and Yarrow, or to the wild glens and lakes in the north of Scotland, or to Oban, a favourite resort of his for many years. His writings teem with allusions to these places; and in conversation he often got eloquent on the fishing-raids in these districts, and concerning the men of note whom he met on those occasions. For a long course of years he angled successfully in the Tweed in the Innerleithen (St Ronan's) district; and upwards of forty years ago he used so to time each visit to the locality as to be there when the St Ronan's athletic games were held, on which occasions he met his illustrious friends Christopher North, the Ettrick Shepherd, and other kindred spirits. He enjoyed greatly the pastoral valley of the Leithen, a stream which has always been in request by the patient angler. This valley seems closed in by high pastoral hills, over which the sunlight and fleecy clouds throw a sort of halo; and the quiet seclusion of this spot, which would be silence itself but for the sweet prattle of the tiny stream, or the occasional wail of the curlew or the golden plover, still continues to yield a joy dear to the heart of the true angler.

In Upper Tweeddale the Tweed has always given fine sport to the angler. Trout are still plentiful in it, although basket-loads such as Mr Stoddart used to kill there many years ago are not so often caught nowadays. Living at the Crook Inn—now a fine hotel—he used to hold high holiday there in summer, and angle to his heart's content in 'the lonesome Tala and the Lyne.' As he himself writes:

There's no a hole abune the Crook,  
Nor stane nor gentle swirl aneath,  
Nor drumlie rill, nor faery brook,  
That daunders through the flowery heath,  
But ye may find a subtle troot,  
A' gleamin' ower wi' starn an' bead;  
An' mony a sawmon sooms about  
Below the fields o' bonnie Tweed.

But no place is described in his writings with such enthusiasm as the district of St Mary's Loch. Summer after summer he regularly resided there for a few weeks, under the humble but cosy roof of Tibbie Shiels, a name and a memory cherished by multitudes of anglers. Such feats of angling have been talked over and sung over in Tibbie's little hostelry as were never known to be performed in any other part of the kingdom. Here Stoddart regularly met his old friends the Ettrick Shepherd, John Wilson, Professor Aytoun, and Henry Glassford Bell—now all dead—and others celebrated as writers and anglers. In this classic region, fishing was then excellent, and is still good, the angler having his choice of Ettrick, Yarrow, Meggat and their tributaries, or of St Mary's Loch, the Loch of the Lowes, and 'dark Loch Skene,' which last Stoddart describes as the 'most weird and desolate loch in Scotland.' Our author and his friend Mr Wilson often started from Tibbie's at early dawn on long fishing excursions; and their united baskets at times quite overheaped that worthy's resources—for no less a vessel than a washing-tub could in those rare times hold the daily spoil! Here is an extract from memoranda by Stoddart as to sport in St Mary's Loch: May 12, 1829, one salmon kelt, 51 trout, weighing 27 lbs.; May 15, 1830, 36 trout,

24 lbs.; May 19, 1830, 47 trout, 23 lbs.; May 7, 1832, 60 trout, 21 lbs.; May 4, 1833, 79 trout, 36 lbs.

Writing of his associations with St Mary's Loch and the illustrious friends he frequently met there, he thus expresses himself: 'Of those who took part in them along with me, not a few—it is a curious fact, illustrative of the sympathy which obtains betwixt angling and the nobler pursuits of life—have presented themselves before the public as candidates for literary renown. I could name eight or nine speculators in rhyme, more than one philosopher, scholars and lawyers of considerable eminence, along with the occupants of three or four professorial chairs, in whose company, below Tibbie's roof, I have spent evenings of great delight.' He had a strong personal regard for the Ettrick Shepherd, as well as a deep admiration for the poetry of that remarkable man. Of their frequent intercourse together, he writes: 'Times without number have we traversed the Yarrow's banks together, our slender wands bending alternately with the weight of a struggling trout; and on St Mary's too, and Loch Skene and Meggat Water, have we twain fashioned our thoughts and converse to the wild, mystic, unviolated scenery around us.'

Like the Ettrick Shepherd and other cronies, Thomas Stoddart himself has now passed for ever from the haunts he loved so well.

By his loved Tweed at last he calmly sleeps,  
And nevermore will hail the dawning spring—  
The season most he loved—when greenness creeps  
Along the brimming brooks that dance and sing.  
Possessor of a warm and guileless heart,  
And gifted with 'the faculty divine,  
To those who knew and loved the gentle art  
That ever charmed his soul, he could out-twine  
Such sparkling thoughts as only genius yields,  
On themes romantic, or the heavenly gleam  
Of moonlit lake and fairy-haunted stream;  
For all the glory of the woods and fields  
And wordless songs the prattling streams impart,  
By Nature's kindly hand were written on his heart.

## HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE FISHERIES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I AM an old and solitary woman. Most of my life has been spent in this place, and I shall never leave it until the end come. There are those who love me well, and who would fain have me with them, out in the busy world; but I cannot leave the old fishing-town where my dead ones toiled, and sorrowed, and sinned, and now lie sleeping within sound of the sea they loved so well. I am too old to see far, yet I know that out yonder lie the same blue waves they knew for many a year—the same, ah, woe is me, that drew to death my bonnie fisher-lad. There lies Colburn Nab, with the shadows stealing over it; and yonder, at the foot of the tall cliffs, glides the tiny stream from among the boulders. The men are singing as they mend their nets on the shingle; the children paddle with naked feet along the strand; and the women croon to their wee ones, as they stand at their doors, and watch the scene below. I know it all, and can see the sun glint on the far sails of the fishing-fleet, as they pass the narrow cove, and



hold away to the north. The boat I have watched full many a day is not with them; but still I love to gaze at them, as they vanish into the dim distance.

My name is Joan Carew. I was mistress of the old school at Staithes when Phil Carew married me. He was a rough, true-hearted fisherman; he loved me well, and was ever kind and good to me. No shadow ever came between us, until that took place which I am about to tell you. John was our eldest born. He was two years older than Hal, and a comelier lad could not be found in all the fishing-fleet. Hal was aye weakly; but John was tall and lithe and sinewy, brave of heart and dauntless of soul, but tender and true as a woman. How proud Phil was of his brave fisher-lad! None could manage a boat like him; and among all the daring folk of this wild coast, he was the most reckless. Wet or dry, calm or stormy, fair wind or foul, he cared not; with his gallant craft beneath him, he was at home in the roughest sea. When he was only a boy, a schooner lay out and away there beyond the Nab. The waves were leaping over her and dashing in foam among the breakers, and never a boat dare put off to her rescue; but my boy John swam with a rope through that white seething surf, and every soul on board was saved. Ay, and his father was ever talking about him, and filling the boy's soul with mad longings to do some wild and daring deed.

Many and many a night I have lain awake, when he and his father were out at the 'Silver Pits' with the boat, and prayed while the storms were raging; and then in the morning watched with aching eyes, my heart full of a boding fear, lest mishap should have overtaken them. Yet, with all my love for John the brave-hearted, I clung most to my youngest born—he was so weak and womanish, too tender to live that reckless life; he would stay at home with me, and I should be able to cherish and protect him. And John petted my frail laddie too, and would carry him on his strong broad shoulders down to the beach, or take him aboard his boat, and sail away beyond the Nab to Kettleness and Runswick Cove to gather sea-birds' eggs. He loved him well then, however bitter he grew towards him in after years.

I remember well the year that Hal went away from home to learn to become a great painter. Mr Burton—his old schoolmaster, who was a painter too—would often take my boy with him in his wanderings along the coast. Hal would trudge along by his master's side, carrying his colours and sketching stool, and then would sit and watch him at his work, and hold his brushes, or help him in any little way. So, little by little, the boy's soul became filled with a great yearning to paint pictures like those of Mr Burton, and he worked with this end ever in view. In the evening when he came home, he would toil hour after hour, copying the work he had seen done in the day. John had brought him a box of colours from Whitby, and whenever he went there he always returned with some little trifle to help his brother in his studies. At last I showed his sketches to Mr Burton, who was astonished at the boy's quickness, and offered to give him lessons, and to help him in every way. From that time the two worked on diligently together, and Hal seemed to make rapid progress.

As I write, I have beside me a picture of my boy John standing by his boat in the warm light of an autumn day, waving a last farewell before he goes to his labour in the deep seas. It is a brave, true, honest face, with not a trace of shame in it, though God knows it came after. This is my boy as I remember him, and as Hal painted him. I can well remember the day that picture was first shown, and how Mr Burton came into the cottage just as John and his father had returned from the fishing, and were admiring the boy's work. John had praised the painting, until Hal's cheeks were glowing with pride and excitement.

'See thee, Mr Burton,' said John to the old man, 'I've gotten into a picter now an' no mistake; and he held up the canvas for inspection. 'I hardly know myself in all these gran' colours; but it must be me, I suppose. Ay, but t' lad's clever. Did ever ye see t' likes o' that now?'

'So, so, Master Hal, this accounts for your idleness of late,' said Mr Burton. 'It is rather too bad though, to be working on the sly in this way, without even consulting your old master. Fancied you could do without his help, eh, my boy?' But seeing a pained look on Hal's face, he added: 'Well, well, you had your reasons, and I ought not to grumble.'

'It is for John's birthday, Mr Burton; and I wanted it to be my own work,' replied Hal with a blush.

'I am eighteen to-morrow, an' t' lad's been doin' this for a keepsake. It's nobbut t' bairn's shyness, or thou would ha' seen it before; and John strove to make peace between the two.

'I understand, John,' replied the schoolmaster—'a labour of love?'

'Thou's right, Mr Burton; an' it's miraculous to me how t' lad could do it. I'm fair capped; so there.'

Mr Burton took the work from John's hand, and placed it where the evening light threw out all the bright tints on the canvas. 'It seems to be a very good subject,' said he, 'and exceedingly well treated.'

'I'm just beat with it; and John surveyed the whole with a critical air. 'Here is our owd boat, every shred o' canvas, rope an' timber, just as I've seen it every day. There stands Billy Todd's owd donkey an' rickety cart, an' yonder is Billy hisself puttin' a cask o' water aboard. Dang me, but I see t' black patch on his trousers sewed wi' white thread; an' his wooden leg is natur' itself. There is Barton Verity in t' bows, an' father at t' tiller. I've seen picters before, but never one to come up to this.'

Mr Burton looked long and earnestly at the work, pointing out its merits in words I cannot repeat, and only half understood. At last he laid his hand on Hal's shoulder, and said: 'Yes, my boy; you were right. There is no further need of help from me: the pupil has surpassed his master.'

'Oh, Mr Burton, that is not true. You are unjust to yourself; and the colour in Hal's face deepened as he spoke.

'No, boy; it is the truth. This is the work of genius such as is given to few—never to Ned Burton. Only persevere, and you will make a name in the world.'

The boy's father had stood quietly listening

to all that was said, but apparently taking little interest in it. At these last words he turned toward the speaker, and said, as he pointed to Hal's work: 'I've no doubt but t' picter's right enough; but what's t' use o' fillin' my bairn's head wi' sic fond stuff as this? He mun learn to earn his bread, an' sic work as this will never do it.'

'Not at present, perhaps,' replied Mr Burton; 'but by-and-by he will work himself into notice; and paintings like this will always command a market.'

'I've no notions o' such flummery. T' lad's fair dazed wi' all thou says to him about his cleverness; he thinks o' nothin' but saunterin' about, an' loiterin' his time away wi' paintin' an' book-learnin', instead o' workin' to help me an' his mother.'

Mr Burton seemed to be taken aback at this opposition; but he did not give in without a struggle. 'The boy's future is of course in your hands,' he replied, 'and I would not advise him to act in any degree contrary to your wishes; but I say again, the youth of sixteen who can do work like this is not born for common uses—he is meant for something better than the rough life of a fisherman.'

'It's neighbourly of ye, Mr Burton, to take so much pains with t' lad, an' I'm obliged to ye; but I cannot have my bairn's head turned wi' all this fool's talk. T' lad's biddable enough, an' his paintin' an' learnin' is right enough; but he's only one of ourselves, an' he must live an' work like ourselves.'

'But what will you do with him?' questioned Mr Burton. 'You will not put a boy like this to the fishing? He is far too weak.'

'Weak or not weak, to t' fishin' he must go. My mind's made up, an' what I've said, I mean. I'm fair sick o' these fond, lubberly ways.'

'O Phil, you cannot mean this?' I said, for the first time joining in the dispute. 'It would kill the boy, and me too.'

'Would ye have t' bairn grow up a conceited jackanape? He is fair burstin' wi' pride an' high notions. T' fishin' will make a man of him. Thou is always hankerin' after t' better sort of folks, an' should never ha' married a rough fisherman like me. But don't set t' lad against me an' his brother, for I wunnot have it.' Then, turning to John, who had been trying to cheer Hal, he said: 'Come, my lad, we must go an' look after t' coble before t' tide comes in.'

'But, Mr Carew'—pleaded the old school-master.

'Whist, man, whist!' said Phil, interrupting him. 'I've said my say, an' to t' fishin' he must go;' and he strode off to his boat.

He left two sad hearts behind him. Mr Burton spoke some cheering words to Hal, who was almost heart-broken at what had occurred: 'Never despond, my lad. I will see what can be done for you. In a day or two I hope your father will change his mind, and all will yet be well.'

You may perhaps think from this that my husband Phil was a hard man; but he misunderstood the character and work of the lad—that was all. My heart was full of a great dread for my boy's future. I could not give him up to such a wild life of reckless hardihood and danger. Every day

I feared lest his father should call him to the fishing; but nothing more was said for some time. After a week Mr Burton called again, bearing a letter from his brother. It contained a proposal that Hal should be sent to York to work with him in his studio. He had seen some of the lad's work, and as it gave rare promise, he was willing, for the sake of his brother, to help him.

Phil was at last won over to give his consent. It was a sad parting; but I knew that it must be this or the fishing, and I dared not complain. In a few days he went with John in the boat to Whitby, and thence by coach to York. His soul was full of high thoughts for the future, but my own was sad for many a weary day.

For five long years my boy did not return, and I yearned in vain for one look into his dear face. God only knows how lonely I felt, and how sorely I missed him when Phil and John were away at the fishing. I was tempted oftentimes to call him home; still I held out, and bore up bravely before my husband. We had occasionally long letters from him, full of hopeful confidence and brave endeavour. From York, after two years, he went to London, in the hope of getting his pictures into the Academy. I cannot tell you the history of that cruel time. Throughout it all he never once wavered, but struggled manfully on. The hill of fame was hard for a poor, almost friendless lad to climb; but he steadily persevered, feeling confident of success at last. It was three years more before the long-coveted honour *was* won, and his fame as a painter established.

I remember well how we received the news of Hal's home-coming. It was a summer's evening, and I was seated at the cottage door, watching the men unlade the boats, when John and Teenie Granger came down the steep path from the town. Teenie had lately come to live at Staithes with her uncle, Mr Burton; and, when John was not at the fishing, they were aye together. No one thought of ill, for she was but a child, with all a child's merry ways—a sweet, winsome bairn, wild and careless as a bird. How handsome she looked as she came tripping by my boy's side, now and anon glancing laughingly into his face! No wonder he had grown to love her—though I knew it not then—to the very depths of his strong, manly soul; and so came all the sorrow and pain of the after-time. Well, she came up the path that July evening with John; and when they were near, John held up to view my boy's letter, his face beaming with joy. 'See, mother, I've gotten a letter for ye; Billy Poad brought it fra Whitby. Shall I read it for ye?'

So at last my boy was coming back to the old home! He had won success, and his name was in all men's mouths. In a week he would be with us again. The news seemed too good to be true. In a week he came, John went to Whitby to meet the coach, and thence they came together in the boat.

That was indeed a glad home-coming, and repaid me for the weary years of separation. Mr Burton and Teenie Granger came down to the cottage at Seaton Garth that evening, and together we watched for the boat rounding the Southern Nab. At last we heard a shout, and there up the cove glided the craft with my boy on board. Mr Burton and Teenie ran down to the

strand. I did not move, but sat still in the house, trembling for very joy. Every sound came up from below clear and distinct through the still night-air—the rustle of the sails, the creak of the mast and rigging, the low sad ripple of the waves as they met the boat's bow, the grating of the keel on the shingle, the shout of welcome, the confused hum of voices, the ring of hasty steps up the steep path—and then I knew no more than that my boy was safe once more in my arms. In a few moments John and his father entered, and together we all sat down to the evening meal.

'Do you think he has altered much?' inquired Mr Burton, looking proudly at Hal.

'He's grown clean out o' my knowledgment,' said Phil. 'I should never ha' known him for one of ourselves. He were nought to him when he were only a bairn, but he's a rare an' handsome chap now, an' no mistake—a'most equal to my John; an' it must be a good un' to come up to him, eh, Teenie?'

'Five years is a long time, father,' said Hal with a laugh; 'at least it has seemed so to me.'

'Thou is right, my lad; an' time works wonders wi' us all.'

Indeed those years had made a wonderful change in the lad. All the old weakness had gone. I could hardly realise that this was the frail youth who had left us to fight his way alone in the world, for there had been developed in his whole form a look of conscious strength quite new to it.

'An' so thou has taken t' shine out of t' Lunnons, eh, Hal?' said his father, 'an' sold thy picters for a mint o' money?'

'My last two works in the Academy sold for three hundred. I think I ought to be satisfied with that, father.'

'I should think thou did,' replied Phil. 'But however any man could give all that cash for a wee bit daub o' red, an' yellor, an' blue, I can't mak' out. There must be a heap o' fools i' Lunnon, I'm fain to think;' and he laughed heartily at the thought.

'They are over close-fisted i' Yorkshire for such wastery, eh, father?' said John.

'Thou is right, my lad. I allus believed in book-learnin', in spelderin' an' readin' an such like; but this paintin' fair caps me.'

So the talk went on, until Mr Burton and Teenie rose and left us; and the night of Hal's home-coming was over.

I said that all the sorrow of the after-time came through the wild love my John had for Teenie Granger: this is how it befell. Before Hal came home, John had been Teenie's constant companion. Teenie's father had lived in one of the great trading towns in the west, so that all her life had been spent in crowded streets, among smoke and gloom. When she came to Staithes, she was like a bird escaped from its cage. John would take her in his boat to every place within easy distance along the coast, or join her in long wanderings across the moors. There were no companions for her among the fisher-lasses, and Mr Burton knew that she would be safe under John's protection. No one dreamed of love between the two; but it showed itself at last, and I saw that John was bewitched by Teenie's sweet face and merry ways. She was blind to his love, but I saw and knew, that for weal or woe, his

heart was hers for ever. It was no boyish fancy with him, lightly born and lightly thrown away, but the deep, passionate devotion of a strong man, that would hold true whatever might betide.

I think Teenie must at last have discovered that John loved her, and, knowing that she could never return his passion, avoided being thrown into his company; for so it was, that after Hal's home-coming, all the old friendship seemed to have come to an end. Teenie grew quiet, and thoughtful, and reserved; and John appeared sullen and ill at ease.

Much of Hal's time now was spent with Mr Burton. Very frequently they went together on painting excursions along the coast, and Teenie sometimes accompanied them. In the evenings, after they returned, the little party would sit in the room facing the bay, while Teenie sang ballads, or chatted on in her merry, artless way. John sometimes joined them, but he always returned looking sullen and angry. There was a wild light in his eyes quite new to them, that made me tremble for very fear.

## MORE GHOST-STORIES UNVEILED.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

It is undeniable that there are many sober-minded people, not in general disposed to be credulous or superstitious, who yet entertain a firm conviction that they have come across the supernatural in some shape or other, and that under circumstances in which they had as little reason to doubt the evidence of their senses as in the most common occurrences of life. On more than one occasion we have given instances of ghost-stories *unveiled*, with a view to allaying the fears of those who are in the habit of giving credence to what is termed the supernatural; and as we have reason to believe that our efforts have been attended by good results in various quarters, we present no apology for again taking up the subject. A well-known witty English divine once remarked that the best and most reasonable—because most convincing—way of combating the foolish fancy commonly known as a 'belief in ghosts,' is to make public all well-authenticated instances where such stories have been '*unveiled*.' The following narratives, communicated by various contributors, may serve as further illustrations of the truth, that nothing of the apparently supernatural should be received which has not been submitted to the test of absolute demonstration.

One splendid afternoon of a glorious summer, I set out on a walk from Eythorne to Deal, a distance of some six miles. I took particular note as I went along—the route being entirely strange to me—of all the landmarks, such as churches, farmhouses, the bendings of the road, &c., thinking that I should probably have to make at least part of my return walk after dark, though sure of a sufficiency of light if the moon were only shining. I reached Deal, and was beguiled by the beauty of the afternoon and evening to stay longer than I had intended. Sea and land lay bathed

in the warm golden sunshine, the sky of the blightest blue, unflecked by a cloud, and the sea almost equally blue. I lingered by the shore, until the lengthening shadows began to warn me that I should find the night drawing on almost before I got far from the precincts of Deal. Hastening along, then, without any doubt of my way, and mounting the rising land at the back of the town, I found the moon was already shedding its light over the scene, and I looked forward to a delightful walk home; when suddenly a dense sea-fog rolled in from the bay, which soon enveloped the land, obscuring every object, and even obliterating the light of the moon, save for occasional rifts in the fog as it rolled rapidly inland. I soon became very doubtful of my way, as the notes I had carefully taken of landmarks were now useless. But I trudged along, knowing I was pursuing at least an onward course, till I emerged upon much higher ground, and was thankful to find that the fog was losing its density and the moon recovering its light. Inquiring at a cottage where I saw a light in the bedroom, I found that I had come right, and should soon strike the high-road from Sandwich to Dover. After this the fog seemed to lift, the moon shone out brightly, a light haze only remaining over the lower-lying country, and I soon found myself comfortably nearing Eythorne.

The road into Eythorne from the Dover Road turns at right angles, and is straight and rather descending, so that during the day, or on a fine moonlight night, objects can be seen for a long distance. The moon had now risen considerably, and the whole country lay clearly revealed—the road to Eythorne, into which I had now turned, especially so, being chalky. I had not gone many paces when I saw, some distance on before me, a gigantic figure in white, apparently at least ten feet high. I could see too that it was moving, not towards me, but from me. I watched it narrowly for a few minutes, to satisfy myself that it was no momentary impression; but there assuredly it was, white, spectral, gigantic—and moving.

My first thought was to beat a retreat, take the Dover Road again, and return into Eythorne through Waldershare Park; but as this would have greatly lengthened the time at which I wished to be home, and as I had already proved the park at night to be a difficult route, and had had some unpleasant experiences therein, I made up my mind rapidly that there was nothing for it but to face the spectre, or whatever it might be, 'for better, for worse.' Now, I thought, is all my vaunted unbelief in the supernatural to be put to the test, and perhaps to be shaken down in some dreadfully unpleasant manner. I confess I felt many a qualm as the tall figure stalked on before me; but as I had now fully made up my mind to find out what it was, if I could, I quickened my pace, almost running under the excitement. As I neared and was evidently overtaking it, I noticed that it seemed rather to lessen in its proportions, and this continued as I got nearer and nearer. It was still, however, out of all human proportion;

but at this point, as I more leisurely looked about me, I began to observe that the more familiar objects known to me, the cottages by the roadside, the park gates, &c., looked unusually large also, and as I passed them, resumed their natural size. This at once became a clue to me, and I determined not to lose the chance of unravelling the mystery of the white figure, still some distance before me. As I got rapidly near it, it as rapidly decreased in size, till at length—I must say much to my relief—I found it to be nothing more than a country girl in a light dress quietly pursuing her way homewards!

Thus, then, I discovered that the gigantic spectre of my walk was an effect due in some way to the combined action of the moonbeams and the haze in magnifying all objects looked at, at a certain distance or angle, and in this resembling the mist spectres of the Brocken and other mountains.

Now, it is evident, if I had not been compelled to face and investigate the matter, I should have continued to believe to this day—despite my unwillingness to do so—that I had certainly seen a spectre upon such evidence of my own senses as I could not doubt. The occurrence has served me in good stead ever since, as a useful lesson, inducing me to pause in accepting apparently inexplicable phenomena without the most rigid investigation.

I was passing the Christmas holidays a few years ago at a pretty village in the country, in the comfortable and well-appointed house of a medical gentleman, a near connection and great friend. One evening it happened that the family had all gone out to a Christmas junketing; and as I was left at home alone, I at once determined to retire to the snug little study—a very favourite resort of mine, for it was well filled with books. Like most old-fashioned country houses, the sitting-rooms were all on the ground-floor. The study had one window, the sill of which was about five feet from a gravel walk, which ran all along that side of the house, so that any one could readily have touched the window in passing.

Having requested the maid to light the lamp for me, I was just following her to the study, when I was somewhat surprised by the girl running back into the drawing-room in a state of great perturbation, and declaring that some one had knocked sharply four times at the study window; but that, on looking out, she saw no one right or left on the gravel walk; adding, that she was much frightened and quite put out in consequence. Thinking it some joke by a possible admirer, I merely smiled at the girl's agitation, and betook myself to the study for a comfortable read.

It was a bright clear moonlight night now; but a heavy fall of snow during the afternoon had covered every field, road, and path with its beautiful mantle of spotless white; and a sharp breeze was springing up which seemed likely to increase to a gale. I had been reading barely half an hour, when I was rather surprised to hear four or five sharp taps at the outside of the window, such as might have been given with the end of a stick. Jumping up, I instantly threw open the window and looked all around. Nothing was to be seen but the bright frosty moonlight and the clean



white snow; and what I also noticed was that the snow under and near the window was perfectly smooth, untouched and untrodden; clearly indicating that neither man nor beast had passed that spot, or even near it.

I confess I felt completely puzzled; and not knowing exactly what to think, I sat down again to read. I had not, however, got through a score of pages, when tap, tap, tap again carried me to the window, with exactly the same unsatisfactory result—nothing to be seen—nothing to be discovered. These tappings occurred three different times in the following hour and a half, and defied my utmost endeavours to find out the cause. I examined the window—which was surrounded outside by ivy and creeping plants—most carefully, but found nothing. I went outside to each end of the house, and again observed that the snow was still untrodden and untouched. I confess I was both surprised, puzzled, and annoyed. Here was an undoubted mystery, a series of tappings, the cause of which I had, after close and careful investigation, totally failed to discover. It was a mystery certainly, and one which ought to be explained; but how?

In due time the family returned home; and after the ladies had retired, I took the doctor into the study and told him of my mysterious experiences. He laughed, and wagged his head incredulously; adding, with a merry twinkle of his keen gray eye, that he hoped, as the night was so cold, I had taken a glass of grog, and had enjoyed a comfortable sleep in the cosy arm-chair; mildly suggesting the possibility of my dreams running in the direction of supernatural sights and sounds; politely intimating, in fact, that I had been asleep and had dreamed the whole thing! This I at once refuted by reference to the maid, who proved a very willing witness indeed. The doctor seemed puzzled, sniffed sharply two or three times, took an enormous pinch of snuff, and then stood looking intently into the fire; when suddenly tap, tap, tap, loud and sharp at the window, caused us both to run forward, throw it open, and look out; but, I need hardly say, with the usual result. I drew the doctor's special attention to the smooth untrodden snow, and told him I had again and again examined the window and wall both inside and out, but without effect.

'Well, Jack, it is certainly very odd,' said the doctor; 'but as I am convinced the taps arise from some perfectly natural cause, I'll stop here till I find it out, if I should stay all night.'

We discussed the probable causes—tricks, cats, birds pecking, &c., but abandoned our theories almost as soon as started, until our deliberations were cut short by the tapping being again renewed louder and sharper than ever. The doctor now nearly lost his temper, and throwing open both halves of the window (it was a French, not a sash window), fetched our overcoats and hats, and proposed to extinguish the lamp, and to sit down opposite the open window, and there carefully watch. This we accordingly both did, with an amount of patience and exemplary perseverance never, perhaps, before exhibited by the most determined ghost-hunters, until, in spite of the blazing fire behind us, we were nearly half-frozen by the keen biting air and the wind, which had now increased to a complete gale. At length, temper and patience alike gave way, and as no

taps or manifestations of any kind had occurred, vexed and annoyed beyond expression—for his open, honest nature hated mystery and incertitude of any kind—the doctor reluctantly closed the window, and had just slowly pulled down the blind, when the tapping was again heard as vigorously as ever.

'So, so!' cried the doctor; 'one thing at least is clear—the taps, I find, are given at the top of the window. Run, Jack, and fetch the bull's-eye lantern—the wind is too high for a candle—whilst I get the steps.'

Armed with the lantern, the doctor mounted the steps, and closely examined the whole top of the window both outside and in, but still could discover nothing. Much irritated, he was about to give up the search, when, as he projected his head through the open window, he was suddenly aware of two or three sharp taps on his forehead; and raising the bull's-eye, he then discovered a thick bit of stick hanging amongst, but concealed by a bunch of ivy leaves which drooped over the top of the window.

'Here's the ghost—here he is—I've caught him!' exclaimed the doctor, now in high glee; 'but, to make doubly sure, let's give him another chance;' and closing the half of the window and still standing on the steps, lantern in hand, he waited for the next 'manifestation.' This, thanks to the high wind, followed almost immediately, in the usual form of four or five sharp taps on the glass; which the doctor now distinctly saw were produced by the action of the wind on the loose branch of ivy in which the piece of wood just mentioned was sticking.

So here was the whole mystery elucidated; and the reason why we had heard nothing during our long cold watch was also readily explained—the window being open, there was simply nothing for the wood to strike against.

Pulling the wood out of the ivy, and throwing it down to me, the doctor said: 'There, Jack, there's a real ghost for you; and one that might, but for our patience and determination, have caused this house to have been reported as "haunted," and made an object of horror and fear to the simple country-folk round about. Depend upon it, if people would only master their foolish fears of the supernatural, and cease to believe in so-called "ghost-stories," and boldly face the "ghost" with the weapons of patience, reason, and common-sense, we should hear much oftener than we do of many such another "ghost story"—unveiled!'

At a social gathering of friends one evening a few years ago, the much-vexed question of supernatural appearances came under discussion. As might have been expected in these days of scientific experiment and inductive philosophy, the tone of the conversation was of a decidedly sceptical tinge. The lady of the house, anxious apparently that ghostly claims should be fairly represented, appealed to her sister-in-law, who had lived for several years in a haunted house, and begged her to say what the results of her experience had been.

'Our house,' replied the sister, 'was in a bleak and lonely situation; and many years before we entered its walls, some disagreeable associations had been woven into its history. In spite of these,

the place did us no harm ; though I am bound to say that during our sojourn in it we heard sounds which superstitiously inclined folks might have regarded with dread. Perhaps we were not a family likely to suffer from imaginative terrors, because we were more accustomed to examine an unwonted object than to run away from it, nor did we conclude that every phenomenon not clearly understood by us must be due to supernatural causes. Often at night we heard noises in uninhabited rooms, as if articles of furniture were being moved or dragged across the floor ; but these we became used to, and assigned them to such simple causes as mice, or possibly rats. But once I recollect that the clanking of a chain at midnight awakened me from a half-dreaming state to full consciousness.

"I thought I must have been mistaken, and went quietly to sleep again ; but the next night at the same hour the noise was distinctly repeated. My sister, who slept in the same room, heard it also, and was as puzzled as myself. It recurred from that time so often that we became accustomed to it also, and were almost ceasing to speculate on its cause, when one day, standing in my own room in broad daylight, I heard the clanking noise loudly repeated. A thought struck me. I ran down-stairs out of the hall door, and through a garden-path to the stable-yard, whose wall formed an angle with our side of the house. As I looked into the stable, the horse shook his chain ! This was the very noise we had heard so often—the same thing which had happened night after night, when the horse waking out of his sleep, got up, shook himself, and stamped in his stall, before composing himself for another nap. If I had not thus tracked the sound and verified it for myself, I could never have believed that it could have been so clearly heard through thick walls at such a distance."

"Ah !" said a clergyman, who had listened to this account with much amusement, "I am persuaded that if people would take the trouble of examining such mysterious occurrences, the number of "authenticated ghost-stories" on record would be sensibly diminished. A curious circumstance happened to my father when he was a very young man. He lived at some distance from the dwelling of the girl who afterwards became his wife and my mother. He had to work and wait for her for several years, and as for her sake he applied very closely to his business, they seldom met. But occasionally, after his day's work was over, he took a very long walk into the next county, to get a glimpse of her fair face, and perchance the treat of a quiet talk. On one of these rare occasions he bethought himself of a short cut through a village churchyard. It was not very easy of access, for the gate was locked, and a brook of some depth swept round part of the outer wall ; but he was young and active, and eager to gain time ; so, after a somewhat stiff climb, he found himself within the limits of the consecrated ground.

"It was a clear moonlight night, and the tombstones stood around him in close and venerable array. Suddenly he saw something which made him start and pause. From beneath the shadow of the church wall, a tall white figure glided stealthily out into the light. My father quietly retreated behind a tombstone and watched. The figure advanced ; he scanned it carefully ; and

beneath the white robes fluttering in the night-air, he beheld a very substantial pair of boots !

"Said he to himself : "Do ghosts wear boots ? I wonder who makes them ;" and he decided on having a closer inspection of this mysterious churchyard apparition. The figure moved on ; my father quietly followed, keeping well in the shadow of the tombstones. After some little time spent in this kind of dodging, the ghost advanced to a part of the wall overlooking the road and the stream, and took up its position on the top of it. In a second my father came behind, and with a strong and sudden push, tipped the unlucky ghost into the stream which rippled below. He heard a plunge and a shout, waited a few moments to see that the fellow had struggled safely to the other side, minus his white sheet, then turned and sped on his way, rejoicing at having hit on so novel and expeditious a method of "laying a ghost !"

"Years passed away. My father married the lady of his choice, and they shared the usual course of life's vicissitudes together. Long after her death, he took me to visit the scene of his early wooing and the home of her girlhood. On our way from the railway station we drove through a village from which a funeral procession was issuing in solemn pomp to the churchyard. As we returned, we stopped for an hour at the inn and ordered luncheon. Like most of his class, our host was chatty and communicative, and at once entered into conversation. "Pleasant weather, gentlemen. We have had a large funeral here to-day ; the largest known in these parts for many a year. We all wished to show respect to our oldest inhabitant, William Dawkins. A very civil fellow was Bill. Many a story of the good old times he used to tell. And he had some queer adventures of his own too to talk about. You'll scarce credit me, gentlemen, but 'tis a fact that that man had seen a ghost."

"A ghost !" exclaimed my father, whose natural scepticism on that subject had been long since strengthened by the incident I have related. "He dreamed of one, I suppose, or an extra glass of ale had gone to his head."

"Nothing of the kind, sir," replied the landlord with great seriousness. "Bill not only saw a ghost, but felt it, and that pretty sharply, I can tell you. The way he fell in with it was this. Some of our lads had gone to a fair that was held a few miles away, and Bill wanted to frighten the young fellows on their way home ; so he just climbed into the churchyard, wrapped a sheet about him, and waited about till he thought they were close at hand. He was standing on a bit of wall just above the road, when he heard a stealthy tread coming up behind him. He turned round quickly, and there was a dark figure at his back ; but before he could move, it made one rush at him and knocked him clean over into the stream that runs below. The fall and the fright took away his breath ; and between the terror and the wetting, he got such a scare that he never ventured near that churchyard again after nightfall. He said it was a dangerous thing to play at ghosts, for no one knew how near the ghosts themselves might be, nor how angry with any one who dared to play pranks in haunted places."

"It was a strange story," we said ; but our host thought it stranger still when my father related

his share in the adventure. The coincidence was certainly a curious one, and affords a specimen of the kind of foundation on which many a popular and "well-authenticated" ghost-story may be built.

### KIDNAPPING IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

MANY a good and interesting narrative of experiences of an extraordinary nature in various parts of the world is lost to the general public through diffidence on the part of the actors therein, or from the want of having some one at hand to commit the incidents to paper. The following startling account of an atrocious crime was related to the writer of these lines by a messmate on board one of Her Majesty's ships, while lying off the port of Buenos Ayres, in the river Plate, during the comparatively recent blockade of that city by the Argentine national forces.

'About six years ago,' said my messmate, 'when the traffic in human beings—happily long since put a stop to on the West African coast by the vigilance of British cruisers—was still at its height among the South Sea islands and other unfrequented places in the Pacific Ocean, a thriving trade was carried on by some unscrupulous individuals in the nefarious kidnapping of the unfortunate inhabitants of these islands, who were decoyed on board small coasting-vessels by the owners and crew, in whose integrity of purpose they trusted but too confidently. They were then secured, and carried off wholesale from their island homes, and conveyed to places where labour was scarce, and where a large sum of money could always be realised for them. Here they were afterwards employed by their respective purchasers in different kinds of labour, but their real condition was neither more nor less than that of slavery.'

'At the time of which I am speaking, I was serving in one of Her Majesty's ships, employed cruising in search of these slave-traders; and whenever we succeeded in capturing one of them, it was our duty to send the vessel in charge of a prize crew to Sydney, where she was usually confiscated, and the captain and crew handed over to the rigour of those laws which they had so ruthlessly violated. As a rule, this service had nothing more attractive to recommend it than the routine of an ordinary cruise; and we were content to put up with the irksome nature of the duty in a philosophical spirit, knowing that good results must follow, and that the work of humanity must be performed by somebody. It did not even possess the excitement of a prospective brush with the enemy, as these inhuman monsters knew only too well that any attempt at resistance would be hopeless when once they were within reach of the guns of a British man-of-war. Knowing all this, it is by no means easy to realise our feelings when the following shocking discovery burst upon us.

'About two P.M. on the 20th December 1874—midsummer time in southern latitudes—we were sailing quietly along with a light wind abeam, the watch lying about the fore-castle listless and overcome with the sultry weather, when a schooner was sighted ahead with all sail set, going before the wind. She was with all appearance badly

steered, for every now and again she would yaw and fly up in the wind, then with just as little apparent reason would fall off and run before it. We thought this an unusually strange coincidence as the performance was several times repeated. It was therefore decided to overhaul the stranger, and see whether she was the veritable Phantom Ship of Van der Decken, or if her crew were all drunk and incapable, which latter seemed the most likely solution of the problem.

'It took us about an hour to range near enough to make a close inspection of the phenomenon; but though every glass in our ship was levelled at the stranger, and every eye strained eagerly to observe the most minute circumstance connected with her, yet no sign of life or of any movement about her deck could be detected. We thereupon came to the conclusion that our suspicions as to the inebriate condition of her crew were fully justified; for here was an apparently well-found schooner thousands of miles from the nearest land, with all sail set, drifting helplessly about upon the pathless ocean, with no other guide than the fickle elements. What other inference could suggest itself?

'Our captain made a final inspection through his glass; then ordered a boat to be immediately manned and armed, for the purpose of boarding the schooner; and to me was given the duty of carrying out the service. We soon quitted the ship, and rowed quickly to the stranger. As we approached her, no movement could be observed on board; and I therefore naturally anticipated that some surprise in the shape of an ambuscade was in store for us, and that our first step on the deck would be the signal to call forth from their hiding the lurking demons who were thirsting for our blood. With this not very comforting idea in my mind, and having heard of a trap of this sort being laid on a former occasion for an unsuspecting boat's crew, I inwardly congratulated myself on being provided with my trusty sword, and upon being accompanied by a crew who could be depended upon in an emergency. Now, just as our boat rounded the schooner's stern, the cockswain silently drew my attention to what looked suspiciously like the barrel of a gun pointed at us over her quarter. Momentarily expecting a shot, I took hold of a Snider rifle which lay ready loaded within reach of my hand, still keeping my eye on the gun-barrel. As I watched, a dark woolly head appeared behind it, with an eye belonging to the head steadily keeping the "sight" on for our boat. No doubt a finger belonging to the same individual was also somewhere near the trigger; but being inside and below the schooner's taffrail, this was not certain.

'I must confess to feeling at this time a peculiar prompting to take the initiative, and send a bullet to discover whether it was a real head or a dummy; but fortunately I restrained myself, feeling that, after all, a single shot at us, moving as we were, could not do much harm. No shot, however, was fired at us; and as we moved alongside, I at once clambered over the vessel's bulwarks and reached the deck, followed closely by the cockswain and boat's crew; when a scene presented itself which is as vivid to my memory now as if I had beheld it yesterday, and of which I can hardly speak, even at this distance of time, without a renewal of the

terrible thrill which then ran through me, and which I can scarcely find language to describe.

'The deck was covered by the dead and mutilated remains of what had once been eleven human beings—natives of one of these very islands which we were endeavouring to protect from the horrors of slavery. There the bodies lay in every conceivable attitude, showing that all of them had died a violent death; while every part of the deck and sides of the vessel betokened the fearful struggle which must have taken place—that the very demon of Destruction himself had been let loose amongst them.

'I turned away from the sickening spectacle, in the hope of finding some survivor who could explain it. The hatches were closed; the only boat the vessel carried had disappeared; and it seemed impossible to gain any clue to the mystery. At length, when passing the cook's caboose on the forecastle, I discovered three poor emaciated wretches crouching on the deck within, apparently trying to screen themselves from observation. I spoke kindly to them, and endeavoured to coax them out; but they only clung the closer to their shelter and to each other. Observing their half-starved look, sunken cheeks, and glaring eyeballs, I made one of my men bring up some food, which fortunately was in the boat; and the sight of this at once had a magic effect, and induced them to crawl out of their hiding-place. They were so weak and emaciated that they could not stand. While they were greedily consuming the food we gave them, I recognised the eye that I had seen glancing along the gun-barrel over the stern while we were approaching the vessel, from its having a peculiar cast in it, and could not help wondering how the emaciated being before me could have found strength to hold the gun; but seeing the weapon still lying pointing outwards, I concluded that he had dragged himself there for the purpose of reconnoitring us, and returned in the same manner to his den forward.

('It became immediately necessary to remove these three survivors to Her Majesty's ship; but one of them expired before we could get him into the boat. The other two were duly taken on board; when they were found, on examination by the doctor, to be hopelessly insane; so that little prospect was entertained of being able to extract any useful information from them which might lead to an explanation of what had led to such a scene as we had witnessed.)

'Having satisfied ourselves that no more survivors remained on the deck, I next determined to examine the vessel below; and upon opening the companion-hatch for this purpose, the odour that saluted our senses defied description. We had to force open the other hatches on deck and allow sufficient time for the fresh air to circulate below, before the strongest-nerved amongst us could face the dreadfully vitiated atmosphere of the cabin. When at length I was able to descend, what was my horror to find the scene we had left on deck repeated, and even surpassed in degree by that which presented itself below. Here, in the cabin of the schooner, lay thirteen more dead bodies of natives, all having apparently met with a similar fate to those on the deck. A hatchet which lay on the deck bore strong marks of having been one at least of the weapons

used in the fray or massacre, whichever it was; but there was nothing to afford the slightest clue to the origin or motive of this wholesale slaughter. Not a vestige of papers or private effects of any sort could be discovered on board; and it therefore only remained to decently commit the bodies to the deep, and to cleanse the vessel as soon as possible.

'Returning to Her Majesty's ship, and making my report to the captain, he directed a party of men to be sent to the schooner for this purpose; and as soon as the duty was completed, the vessel was placed in charge of one of our officers with a prize crew, and sent to Sydney. Here the authorities knew little or nothing about the schooner; but she was recognised as the *Peri*, which had sailed some months previously on a "free-labour voyage," as the kidnapping trade was falsely called, in charge of five white men—let it be hoped, not English—and had not since been heard of. It leaked out some long time afterwards, that upon this very voyage the *Peri* had really shipped no fewer than fifty natives; in which case it was not improbable that the survivors of these black creatures, with the exception of the three whom we found, had made off in the boat after the fight; for fight there must have been, in which the white men for a time had been successful, as was shown by the number of dead bodies. But the black men being in overpowering numbers, the villainous crew must at length have been killed, every man of them, and their bodies thrown overboard. The survivors who had escaped in the ship's boat would in all probability find refuge on one of the islands of the South Sea group, though we never heard more of them. Such was one instance of revenge by the victims upon their white-skinned kidnappers.'

#### FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

A GRAVE sweet wonder in the baby face,  
And look of mingled dignity and grace,  
Such as a painter hand might love to trace.

A pair of trusting innocent blue eyes,  
That higher than the stained-glass window rise,  
Into the fair and cloudless summer skies.

The people round her sing, 'Above the sky  
There's rest for little children when they die'—  
To her—thus gazing up—that rest seems nigh.

The organ peals: she must not look around,  
Although with wonderment her pulses bound—  
The place whereon she stands is holy ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,  
She bows—as 'mother' does—her golden head;  
And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the sky,  
Where holy children enter when they die,  
And prays God take her there too, by-and-by.

Pet, may He keep you in the faith alway,  
And bring you to that home for which you pray,  
Where all shall have their child-hearts back one day!

SOPHIE A. M. JAMES.

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